

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriage and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

Lynn, Mass., is the first city in the world in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and particularly those for ladies and children.

Not including Alaska, Brazil is larger in extent than the United States; it possesses within its limits an area of 3,287,964 square miles, with a population of 12,333,275.

In the report of the directors of English convict prisons is a curious account of the devices to which prisoners resort in order to obtain admission to the infirmary. It seems that prisoners almost invariably exaggerate their symptoms to such an extent that detection of the imposture becomes easy.

A number of the fast Atlantic Ocean record breakers have been laid up during the winter months. It is said that they can only be run at a profit during the summer, when the travel is great. The City of Paris, which has broken all records, however, will continue to run throughout the winter, next spring and summer.

During the past ten months England has imported 301,249 hundred weight of meat from the United States, 52,244 hundred weight from Australia, 22,388 hundred weight from Belgium and 122,420 hundred weight from other countries. The receipts from the United States were 95,630 hundred weight greater this year than last.

Captain M. V. Bates, better known as Barham's Kentucky Giant, was married recently in Troy, N. Y. He stands seven feet eight inches in height and weighs about 400 pounds, while his bride is nearly three feet shorter, and weighs a little more than 100 pounds. Both are in comfortable circumstances, and Bates owns several fine farms.

One of the foreign Catholic divines who rode on the Congressional limited from New York city to Baltimore thought that one of the strangest sights he had seen in the country was the eating of dinner on a train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. We are known abroad as a nation of fast eaters, remarks the Washington Star, but foreigners are not prepared to see us eat at the remarkable rate of a mile a minute.

The dangerous accident in British Columbia waters to the Amphion, the first vessel in the large British squadron, seems to show one thing very conclusively, and that is that the rules of the service compelling officers of war ships to pilot their own vessels in inland waters ought to be changed. Had there been a pilot on board thoroughly familiar with the winding passages through the maze of islands, the violent tide rips or whirlpools, and the other things which render navigation between Victoria and Vancouver excessively dangerous in time of fog, the lives of the Governor-General, Lord Stanley, and his party would not have been endangered, and the commander of the Amphion would not have been unhappy to-day.

The big ship Great Eastern is receiving her coup-de-grace on the banks of the Mersey, in England. She has been dismantled and her stranded hull is being broken up for old iron. The old leviathan of the deep has had an unsuccessful career. Her launching thirty years ago was attended with a frightful disaster, ten men being killed by the explosion of her steam box. She was never a successful sailor, and proved a disappointment to her builders as an experiment in ship construction as well as unprofitable to her owners. She was 691 feet long, eighty-three feet wide, sixty feet deep and 22,500 tons burden. In the opinion of the Washington Star, her fate proves the impracticability of ships of her size, and it is safe to say that we shall not look upon her like again.

A short time ago the papers had an account of a man who showed his wonderful powers by mesmerizing, or hypnotizing a person, but was unable to restore the subject to her normal condition. Fortunately, observes the Chicago Herald, there was an experienced hypnotizer near by to undo the work of the exhibitor. But there might not have been, and the subject of the experiment might have remained mesmerized for a week, or until assistance could be had. Thanks to the work of some French and other European scientists, hypnotism is now one of the recognized means of relieving disease. It is now established on a scientific basis. Like all other means of treating sick people and disease, it is a dangerous thing when used by unskillful and ignorant persons, and its use by such persons can but tend to bring it into disrepute as a curative agent. The exhibitions of mesmerism should be discontinued as against the feelings of humanity and public propriety. A public exhibition of the effects of hashish would probably be interesting to a few people, but would at the same time be dangerous. The same is true of mesmeric exhibitions.

LET LIVING WORTH BE SUNG.

'Tis well to say the kindest word Of those who've gone from earth, And eulogies are often heard That emphasize their worth; But better far, it seems to me, We'll find it now and then, To let our living heroes see, They're loved by fellowmen. Wait not until the heart is still, That has been proved most true, But make it feel by dearest thrill, How dear it is to you. To flattery-based should none descend, Nor need we yet be dumb, But give good men, before their end, A taste of joys to come. Then let us speak with hearty praise Of noble work well done, And crown the victor with the lays He valiantly has won. 'Twill cheer him on to higher aim, To find his merits known, And help achieve still greater fame Than he could gain alone. And others on the sea of life— May they be old or young— Fastakers in the eager strife, Whose deeds are yet unsung, Perceiving that men recognize Rewards to merit due, And, deeming honest praise a prize, Will seek to win it, too. —Frank J. Bonnelle.

INDIAN JULIUS.

BY RUTH RANSON.

'Is this Pembroke's Tavern?' said the tallest and largest of the little group of horsemen collected at his door. 'I was not in the least startled or surprised. Questions like this were an ordinary part of my everyday existence. Our little cabin was the largest of any in the neighborhood—nor was it in any degree palatial at that—and it stood just at the fork of the roads, where it was the most natural thing in the world that a "tavern" should be located. Matthew had chosen this particular spot because of a clear little spring that bubbled up in the woods close at the rear, and a knot of magnificent madrona trees, which flung their shadow over our roof-tree.

A neat little picket-fence, as yet guiltless of paint, inclosed our small domain, and the cinnamon rose-bushes I had planted were in bloom for the first time, sweet reminders of the Eastern home we had left behind in the three years ago. I do not intend to hurt you or the children, but it is essential that you allow us to tie your hands.' 'To tie your hands?' I gasped. 'What for?' He shrugged his shoulders. 'So that you will not interfere with us,' he said, quickly seizing both my hands and skillfully winding one of my own kitchen towels bandagewise over them.

The baby set up a piteous wail. One of the brigands took her, not unkindly, from me, and laid her in her wooden cradle. 'Let her cry!' said he. 'She'll soon stop. Crying is good for the lungs.' And in less time than it takes to describe this strange scene we were tied hand and foot, little Mat and I, and locked into the sitting-room, whence we could hear the steps of our unwelcome visitors as they systematically went through the house. Little Mat looked at me with wide-open eyes of terror. 'Mother,' said he, 'are they going to kill us?' 'No, Mat,' I answered—'not if we keep still. And it would do no good if we hallooed our throats out. No one could hear us but the birds and the squirrels.'

Little Mat uttered a choking sob. 'Oh, if father was only here with his revolver!' said he. 'Oh, if I was only grown up!' And my heart echoed every one of his words. The baby, sensible little lass, had left off crying, and now lay cooing in her cradle, trying to catch a western sunbeam which lay, like a thread of gold, across her patchwork quilt.

Mat and I were eagerly listening, when once more the beat of horses' hoofs sounded on the road, and from the window we saw the three men ride swiftly away. Once more we eyed each other in mutual apprehension. 'And they've left us here, tied!' gasped the little fellow. 'Oh, mother, mother!' remembering some story of hideous guerilla warfare that he had recently overheard, 'do you suppose that they have fired the house?' 'No, Mat—why should they? They have taken what they wanted and gone. We must wait here until somebody passes, and then make them hear, if we can.'

'But the windows and doors are all shut, and no one ever passes here under sundown. Oh, mother, if I could only get these strings untied!' And he gnawed fruitlessly at them with his small, white teeth. My heart sank as I recognized the truth of his words, but I struggled bravely to keep back the tears and sobs. At that moment the bolt in the outside staples was slid cautiously back, a coarse, black mat of hair was thrust into the room. 'Oh,' cried little Mat, with a gasp of delight, 'it's Indian Julius! Oh, Julius, come and untie us!' 'White squaw and pappose tied up!' granted Julius. 'Me untie him. Me cut knots with me knife. Old Julius know they come. He hear talk; they catch he listen. They hold pistol to his ear, and make he promise, big swear, he no tell, or they skin he alive. Old Julius no tell' (with a chuckle), 'no break big swear. But white squaw's wampum sash in Old Julius's pouch. Old Julius he hid down in swamp; he lie flat behind log, and come back when man all gone.'

I had shrunk at first from the heavy glitter of the old man's eyes, but when I realized the pacific nature of his errand, I let him approach me with his knife and cut asunder the bonds which had been so skillfully tied. No sooner did he see me released than he thrust his hand down into one of the recesses of his dirty blanket, and brought to light, first my diamond ring, safe and sound in its case, then the leather wallet, then the charnois bag full of silver, and laid them on the table beside me, their contents quite undisturbed. 'Old Julius bring he back,' said he. 'Give he to white squaw. White squaw good to Julius—she gives he strawberry-pie. Now we untie little pappose.' Thus we were free again, to discover, much to our delight, that nothing of any considerable value, except a revolver that belonged to my husband, had been taken by the wretches. I need not say that Julius got an excellent supper and a string of gay amber beads which he had long coveted in behalf of old Cleo. 'But white squaw remember,' said Julius, impressively, as he wiped his greasy mouth and hung the beads around his neck, 'next time man on horse come here, white squaw no say Mr. Pembroke gone away.' With which piece of good advice he ambled off over the hill. I must now to being a little nervous as the dusk settled down upon us and the whip-poor-wills began to sing in the woods, but, to my great delight, Matthew arrived several hours earlier than I had expected him. 'Some one told me,' said he, 'that "Red Jack" and his gang were in this neighborhood, and I could not help feeling uneasy when I remembered that Gretchen was away, and you all alone with the children.' His surprise at hearing my story may better be imagined than described, and he swore a great oath that he would never leave me thus unprotected again. But after that our house was overrun with baskets of Cleo's making, and old Julius never lacked a job of wood-splitting or a meal of victuals. 'There's some good in the old scoundrel, after all,' said my husband. —Saturday Night.

CROPS WITHOUT WATER.

RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS IN THE AMERICAN DESERT.

All That Was Done Was to Hold the Ground Down With Matted Straw and to Plow Deep.

To make a barren waste produce food plants profitably without supplying waters—such was the problem with which the botanical division of the Agricultural Department found itself, a while ago, confronted. Accordingly an experiment station was started by the division last autumn in southwest Kansas, not far from Garden City. This particular location was chosen because its conditions were typical of the arid region generally. Two hundred and forty acres were bought—eighty acres in one spot and 160 in another. The land was mostly open prairie, the surface a stiff clay loam, the top of which was baked by the sun into a firm crust almost as impervious to rain as so much slate. About twenty inches of rain fell, it was learned, in a twelve-month—pretty nearly the average throughout the desert belt.

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The Earth Increasing in Size.

The earth, traveling in its orbit around the sun, and onward with the entire solar system around some unknown and still greater centre of attraction, is constantly traversing new regions of space, which it depletes of meteoric dust and meteorites, thus steadily—no matter how slowly—increasing in diameter. Now let this growth continue till the earth has just twice the attractive power which it now possesses; we should then have twice the number of meteorites and double the quantity of dust falling annually upon it than now. Fortunately for our heads the earth has not as yet attained very formidable dimensions, but we may look upon it as an established fact that it constantly gains in weight and that in proportion to such gain its attractive power steadily increases.

The attracting force of the sun is so enormous that a perpetual hail of meteorites and a torrent of dust particles must rush upon it from all directions, and some of the foremost observers are now of opinion that these falling bodies are the sole cause of the sun's heat.

In the light of this theory, our earth is a young and growing, not an old and dying planet, a planet with a future, which ought to be cheerful news to all of us, although we shall not live to reap the benefit of it; and the sun, far from being on its last legs as an expiring luminary, is steadily gaining in heat and lighting capacity. —American Geologist.

The Paris Sewers.

After one of the congresses recently held in Paris, a large party interested in hygiene, led by M. Beaumont, Engineer-in-Chief of Paris, visited the large sewers that run from the Place de la Madeleine to the Chatelet. In barges and in a sort of tramway they traveled through underground Paris. The sewers were illuminated by many lamps and also by electricity. The barges were supplied with cushioned seats, the ladies came in elegant toilets, and so that they should not soil their dresses, the steps down into the sewers were carpeted. As an engineering feat these palatial sewers, as they have been so justly described, are certainly most remarkable, and well worth a visit. From the Chatelet the members of the congress were conveyed in comfortable barges to the sewage farm of Gennevillier. At Clitcy they stopped to see the pumping machines, which lift a third of the sewage and send it over the river in an iron pipe to Gennevillier, where it is used to irrigate 750 hectares of market gardens. Two-thirds of the sewage of Paris still falls into the Seine at Asnières, and the members of the congress were able to witness how it fouls the waters of the river. They then went over the sewage farm, admired the vegetables, ate some of the fruit, and drank the beautiful, clear water derived from the sewage of Paris. It contained, they were assured, a smaller number of microbes than the best spring water supplied to the town of Paris.

Another Wonderful Dog.

A man who drives a pretzel wagon around town has a great curiosity and patent advertisement in the shape of a yellow dog. This dog is a sort of Scotch terrier, and he is wonderful because he does not sit in the seat with the driver, like ordinary dogs, but he jumps on the horse's back, runs up toward his shoulders, and, with forefoot on the horse's collar, he rides through the streets as though perfectly at home in his strange position. The horse trots along with a lumbering gait, which must be most uncomfortable to his canine passenger, but the dog holds his 'seat,' sometimes on three feet, sometimes on two, and seldom on all four. He seems to like it, too, and appears to enjoy the wondering stares and amazed glances of people who see him in his great feat for the first time. The driver appears unconscious of the sensation his pet is making, but all the same he enjoys it as much as the dog does. —Chicago World.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE PUMPKIN PIE.

Take a sharp knife—the best of its kind—And pare off the pumpkin's golden rind; Then cut into cube-shaped blocks of buff, And slowly simmer till soft enough.

Run through a sieve—the best to be bought—Till you have of the sifted pumpkin a quart. Oh, the "cropple-crown" hen will mourn to-day For her filled nest in the scented hay.

For ere your pumpkin pies you can bake Out of her nest you must nine eggs take. Beat yolks and whites in a separate dish Till both are foamy and light as you wish.

White sugar, one cup and a half you take, And two quarts of milk your pies to make; Then of cinnamon, nutmeg, and mace, each one; You take a teaspoonful ere you are done.

Next spices, sugar, eggs, pumpkin and milk, You must beat together till "smooth as silk" (That is the curious, homely phrase, My grandmother used in those good old-time days).

Now a dozen of raisins, more or less, To each pie will add flavor, you must confess. The whole must be baked in a shell-like crust, And, just as it hardens, with sugar you dust.

If you follow this rule, when done you'll cry: "Here's a genuine, old-time pumpkin pie!" —Good Housekeeping.

DEEP-STEAK PIE.

Take two pounds of steak; this need not be the choicest cut, but should be sweet and tender; put it in a kettle with water enough to cover, and cover the kettle; simmer for an hour and a half, then take out the meat, cut it in small pieces, taking out bones and gristle. Have a pan lined with crust made of short biscuit dough, put the meat into it, season with salt, pepper and bits of butter; stir a little corn-starch or flour in the gravy in which the meat was cooked, to thicken it slightly, pour over the meat and put on the top crust. Bake an hour. —Prairie Farmer.

APPLE PUDDING.

Pare, core, and quarter sour apples. If they have to stand awhile, put in an earthen dish and cover with a wet napkin or towel; never throw into cold water as some cooks do. Put a layer of these apples in the bottom of a buttered pudding mould and sprinkle over it a bit of salt. The salt will give a good flavor as butter would give, and is less bother and expense. Above the layer of apples place a layer of stale bread, in slices or pieces (fragments may be used or pieces of dry toast left over from breakfast), which have been soaked in water till they are moistened through. Continue this arrangement till the mould is full. Put over the top layer of apples a thick layer of stale bread crumbs soaked in melted butter. Sprinkle the top layer of crumbs with sugar and put into the oven to bake. Cream some butter thoroughly, add fine sugar, and cream together. Use one-half as much butter as sugar in this sauce. Add a tablespoonful of cream, and vanilla to flavor. Cream all again, and set away to get cold. —American Cultivator.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hot dry flannel, applied as hot as possible, for neuralgia.

When not in use the umbrella should be left loose, unconfined by elastic or silken band.

Broken limbs should be placed in natural position and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

Rancid lard is improved by trying it over with a little water in the kettle, adding slices of raw potatoes.

It is said that the juice of a lemon squeezed into a cup of coffee will afford immediate relief in neuralgic headache.

Do not blow the food to cool it for children; the breath is often impure and will make the food injurious to the child.

The light, soft wool goods worn by gentlemen in the summer make pretty skirts for little girls as well as for the little boys.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

When white candles appear on the table shades of any other color may be used, but when colored candles are chosen the shades are usually of the same hue.

It has been decided that shirting gingham makes the best kitchen apron, as it is durable and not easy to tear. It is very wide; one breadth is enough for the ordinary apron.

Cloth jackets or slaters may be cleaned of grease by covering the spots with paper or chalk, placing a piece of blotting paper over it, and then pressing with a hot iron. Rub with a dry flannel and brush well.

Wood, grasses, flowers, moss, etc., are stained by laying the object to be colored in the solutions, or painting them over, or pressing the coloring liquid into them. The colors mostly used are magenta, methyl violet, malachite green, and aniline blue.

To make a gargle for sore mouth and throat, take four large spoonfuls of good cider vinegar, four of water, a teaspoonful of common salt, and a very small portion of red or black pepper; gargle every hour. It is worth more than all the chlorate of potash in the country and it cannot harm you.

Rain water and soda will take out machine grease. To remove oil and varnish from silk try benzine, ether and soap very cautiously. To take out paint, mix equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap-suds. Paint can sometimes be rubbed out of woollen goods after it has dried.

The most fashionable hen in New York State is said to live in the town of Walden. She started in life a plain, dark-brown pullet, but soon exchanged this for a black and white suit. The next time she shed her feathers she came out as white as snow, and this fall she appears in a black, white and tan dress.

LISTEN!

Whoever you are as you read this, Whatever your trouble or grief, I want you to know and to heed this: The day draweth near with relief.

No sorrow, no we is unending, Though heaven seems voiceless and dumb; So sure as your eye is ascending, So surely an answer will come.

Whatever temptation is near you, Whose eyes on this simple cross fall; Remember good angels will hear you And help you to stand, if you call.

Though stummed with despair I beseech you, Whatever your losses, your need, Believe, when these printed words reach you, Believe you were born to succeed.

You are stronger, I tell you, this minute, Than any unfortunate fate! And the coveted prize—you can win it; While life lasts 'tis never too late!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Don't hit a man when he is down; he may get up. Protection on glassware extends to where it gets into the hands of the hired girl.

Beauty may be only skin deep; but the plump girl gets the most sleigh-rides. —Puck.

In the race of life it isn't the fast men who come out ahead. —Binghamton Republican.

Hush-money, when used, is more apt than any other money to make a noise. —Pisces.

Nature has made some men tall, and laziness has made them short. —Burlington Free Press.

The youth who becomes ill from indulgence in a "snipe" has a stub-born malady. —Binghamton Herald.

Two of the wealthiest men in the West are said to have been messenger boys. It pays to go slow, after all. —Statenman.

Yes, there is plenty of room at the top, and there always will be unless facilities for getting there are improved. —Binghamton Herald.

Little boys generally look on little girls as a nuisance; but when they grow older the reverse is generally the case. —Milwaukee Journal.

She—'You have often heard, of course, of the mermaids singing? I wonder what time they sing?' He—'Nop-time, I suppose.' —Lawrence American.

'You say your husband is a great whistler?' 'Yes, indeed; you ought to hear him come home when my milliner's bill comes home!' —Statenman.

Love will go where it is sent. At least, so say the scholars. But often love, I fear, is bent On going where 'tis dollars. —Boston Transcript.

A Mormon has been committed to jail for contempt of court for refusing to tell how many wives he had. Evidently his misery was more than he could confess. —Rochester Post-Express.

'What's the matter, Mr. Landlady? You look down in the mouth.' Mr. George—'Just so. I've almost swallowed a feather from that chicken soup.' —New York Journal.

Smifkins!—'Aw!—I—a—want you to trim and curl my mustache, barber.' Hairdresser (who doesn't like being called "barber," but "Gentle," sir. When shall we send for it?—) —Globe & World.

Jeweler (to Chinese laundryman)—'Why, John, you'll ruin that watch by allowing it to lie in the sun.' Laundryman—'Me patter him in snark, allee samsee.' —Meitcan man. —Sanford's Weekly.

'Alas!' cried the captured fish, 'How little did I imagine The worm that looked so delicate, Ous could have such a horrible spine!' —

A. (to his friend, the famous painter of battle scenes, who covers up with smoke all things that he does not know how to paint)—'And what are you going to do when they use the smokeless powder?' —Fleegable Blatter.

Eighteen centuries ago a prophet had no honor in his own country. Nowadays there is mighty little honor about them anywhere. If there were they wouldn't be trying to make people believe they could prophesy. —Danville Beezer.

Muskats in the Northwest are building houses three stories high with mansard roofs and bay windows and steam heaters in the cellars. Some persons may think this is a sign of a hard winter, but it isn't. It is a sign that somebody is lying. —New York News.

Chicago Girl—'Oh, Auntie, we've just been out shooting at the target. Great sport, I tell you.' Boston Girl—'Yes, indeed; I fully coincide with Belinda, although the diversion is somewhat arduous. I succeeded in perforating the bovine optic three times in succession.' —

Bay Horses.

Did any one ever see a man or a woman with "bay" hair? asks the Horse World. No more than he saw an Auburn horse. The word bay does not of itself signify a color, and its use for the purpose of designating the color of a horse is purely traditional. It originated in England in a district where the breed of horses was mostly several shades away from the brown and yet too brown to be called red. There grew in this district a great many bay trees, the leaves of which the horses exhibited a decided affinity. The bay tree had long been cherished among the natives for the medicinal qualities of its leaves and berries, and in a way, was sacred to them, having had a place in many of their legends and superstitions. Every breeder of horses was sure to have a number of the trees, and relied upon them almost exclusively for the medicines wherewith to cure his horses. The leaves were used in ointments and the berries in clysters. The horses coming from this district, reared among the bay trees, became known as bay horses, and the uniformity of their color led to the common use of the term.